

A.C. Newman, Young Atlantis

Way down in the land of twins,
we tell ourselves apart like this.
By clues we leave,
the things that breathe,
down at the bottom of the sea.
We're on the wrong side of young Atlantis.
Fashioned out of rags and straw,
tough love took you only so far.
Your face my shade,
my soul your page,
you changed, you knew that i love you blue,
and on the wrong side of young Atlantis.
And i loved you blue,
yes i loved you blue.
Some treasure stripped,
from sunken ships,
from brave who sailed and lost their shit,
but not their way, they sail with me,
they drive with me, they ride for free,
and on the wrong side of young Atlantis.
On the wrong side of young Atlantis.